



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

idk (change)



👁 30 ✓ 2 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by R

The thing I forget
inevitably
is that everything changes
and everything dies.
i make up the palaces
build them in my mind
with brick
and stone
and mortar
only to find
that the castles are ghosts
and in the end they will fall.

i knew some people
who used to live in a city

long ago

sitting on gilded and high worshipping thrones

but i left for a while

and all of those people

had gone when to that same city i returned

and in those old thrones

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

other sat
some pale imitations
others all on their own
some weak but still shouting
some strong but still silent
and all of these images
of legendary people
sat up on high tapestries
slowly fading
the thread winding thin
the colors all dying
and i wondered
if that would have been me

but the world moved on
changed, yes
the city not burned but shifted slowly off course
and i sat there, waiting
for any news of these people
who i had never known
except maybe i had
if anyone
anywhere
can ever be known
wondering if their tall gilded thrones
would ever be held
once again

but everything changes
and everything dies

and from all that death
a new birth

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 2 by Rla

We sat inside gold

Login

or

Create new account



and dared to say
we were kings
we were queens

pretended to rule these
worlds so far out
of our control

took a step back
to find some peace of
mind

lost what i had, but not
for lack of trying

lost who i loved, but not
for lack of lying

Chapter 3 by Shasta



i wasn't tempted
by gold and riches,
like they were.

i was grounded,
my feet firmly
against the floor,
while my mind wandered
through the cosmos.

that was the secret,
to temptation,

not getting caught,
not getting trapped,
i was stronger than them,
weaker than most.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

i acted like a king,
i acted like a queen,
and yet, i was none.
i had no throne,
no fortune,
i had my mind,
and my voice,

and with those two things,
i daresay, i would make myself
a home amongst the legends.

it was a dream of mine,
to have people
screaming my name,
awed by my presence,
inspired by my thoughts.

it was a dream of mine,
but it would scant make a reality.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Give feedback](#)

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account